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The Kaimin, December 15, 1907

Students of the University of Montana

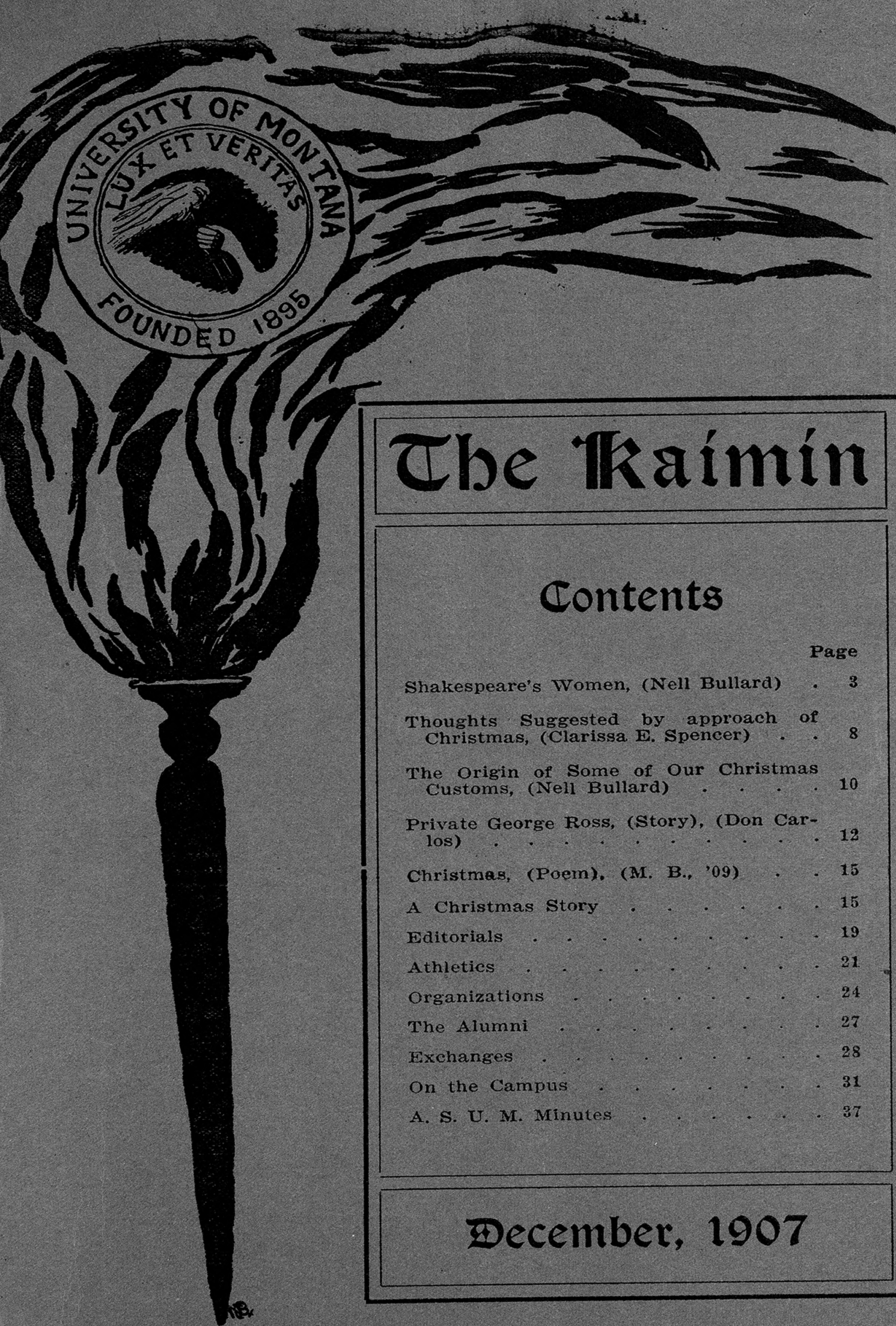
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The Kaimin

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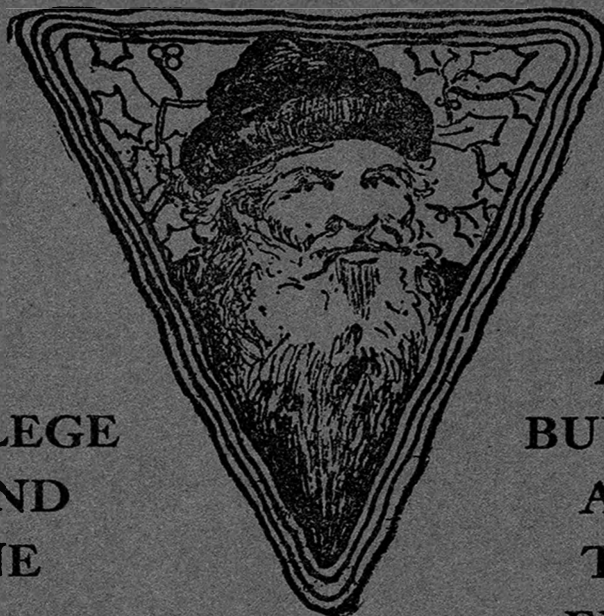
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December, 1907

MISSOURIA MERCANTILE CO.

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MEMBER
OF THE
FAMILY,
FOR COLLEGE
CHUMS AND
EVERYONE



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GOES
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AND WILL
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THE KAIMIN

Published Every Month During the College Year by the Students of the
University of Montana.

VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1907

NO. 3

Literary Department

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

Nell Bullard.

Well indeed has woman been called the arbiter of the fate of man and the world. Ever since the very beginning, when everything was in the present and the future, and all was still to be done; all down through those following ages, there has ever been some woman, who, either by her courage or cowardice, her love or the lack of it, or by peacefulness or passion, has stirred some man, perhaps many, perhaps the whole world, to the highest and noblest action, or the basest and most corrupt of deeds. Through the home and in the world at large she has ever been a mighty factor in the making of history.

The novelist and dramatist have recognized her importance; the romanticist has woven her into his story ideally; the realist, realistically; while the dramatist in his wide field has done both, always realizing, that no matter what difficulties were to be overcome, his tragedy or comedy would be incomplete without her. Nor was Shakespeare lacking here. In spite of the fact that women never appeared upon the stage in those days, he placed true women in his plays, their parts were taken by men, and later Ruskin says: "Shakespeare has no heroes—he has only heroines."

Thus in the study of Shakespeare, we find the greatest attraction is ever the women he places before us, for, "No one," says Mr. Sherman, "ever hit the true perfection of the female character, the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as Shakespeare; no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise—no one ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant." Again should we wish to study the character of woman in all times, where better could we find examples than in the plays of our great dramatist? He pictures for us the passionate southerner with all the quickness and beauty born of fair Italy; the cold northerner—the lady of calm,

collected manners and speech; he paints alike the queen and the simple country girl; the innocent maid and the world-wise woman. We meet them all from ambitious Lady Macbeth to the simple child Miranda. He introduces us into their lives at a critical time. We witness their actions during this crisis; we gain, perhaps, a glimpse of their private Rome life and the curtain has gone down and we come away with the impression of a strong character, or a weaker, more yielding picture of beautiful femininity. There is never one stroke too much—just enough is told, just enough is suggested so that the full character of the woman is gained in comparatively few scenes.

Because of the wide scope and variety of his heroines, and because of the truth of his delineation of them, they have always been a favorite subject for discussion. Some have contended that it is impossible to classify them as you would another author's characters, because they are too true to life and therefore no more to be classified than the women met every day. Others have attempted this classification, believed by some impossible. Mrs. Jameson, as one, has grouped them under the following heads: (1) Characters of Intellect, (2) Characters of Passion and Imagination, (3) Characters of the Affections, and (4) Historical Characters. She, too, seems to concede the impossibility of classifying the real woman, in that she groups only those characters purely romantic, while those of his history dramas she has grouped together. Why she could not have made her first three groups include such as Cleopatra, Volumnia and Lady Macbeth seems indeed strange. Surely they were possessed of intellects, passions and affections as well as Portia, Juliet and Desdemona.

The classifications in any branch of science or art cannot be made rigid and iron-bound; they have to be pulled here, stretched there, and sometimes suffer almost the proverbial crack in order to contain all the specimens presented to them. Therefore, since the laws governing inanimate things must be so yielding, why should we attempt to classify women, the most fully alive of all animate beings, by any fixed laws? They may be grouped, but under very general heads that will allow all degrees and variations of that particular type to appear together. They must necessarily intermingle and hence it is necessary to classify a character according to her most predominant trait.

All women, Shakespeare's taken as examples, are distinguished either as being predominantly intellectual, emotional, or, as the perfect woman must ever be when the powers of intellect and emotion are so evenly arranged and perfectly harmonized, that the ideal woman is presented, whose hand and heart work in unison for the betterment of man and the world. For this reason we have grouped the heroines of Shakespeare's plays, which we intend to treat, under the following heads: (1) Women of Intellect, (2) Women of Emotion, and (3) Women of Balanced Intellect and Emotion.

I, WOMEN OF INTELLECT.

1—Lady Macbeth. (Macbeth.)

No where in literature do we find a more powerful woman than Lady Macbeth—one whose powerful intellect and will power joined to a fiery ambition and love for her husband, make us pause in terror of the intensity of her purpose and the “fierce and fervid eloquence with which she bears down the relenting and reluctant spirit of her husband.”

Although the suggestion of the murder comes from Macbeth, still, to quote Mrs. Jameson, “It is true that she afterwards appears the more active agent of the two; but it is less through her pre-eminence in wickedness than through her superiority of intellect.” Her reasoning powers are wonderful and it is by the use of this power, after steeling herself to the highest pitch of wickedness, that she is able to over-power her husband and, with her fatalistic spirit in predominance to answer his suggestion of failure thus:

“We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail.”

Each step of their crime is planned by her active brain—there shall be no flaws—no chance for suspicion's fevered finger to point in their direction, for they are to “make their griefs and clamour roar upon his death.” Macbeth is but a tool in the hands of his wife—he is but the minister to her mighty executive mind. Shakespeare has redeemed her character from being that of an abhorred, ambitious, blood-thirsty fiend, by the simple touch of unexpected feeling, in her words:

“Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.”

But again almost instantly, we see her planning and governing the actions of her husband after the completion of the deed—sustaining him ever in his halting fear with,

“Retire we to our chamber,
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. * * *
* * * * * Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.”

Then follows months in which, by her sheer strength of mind, she sustains her husband and makes him appear before the world the innocent man and king that he is supposed to be. Their crime makes a common bond between them—a bond of “entire affection and confidence.” The demon she has succeeded in arousing in her husband's soul, governs him now and he rushes on into crimes more horrible than could ever have entered into her first ambitious plans. That he disregarded her mental ability in the execution of the later crimes, serves to show how dependent upon her he was.

Lady Macbeth's severity and sarcasm in the presence of their guests, when Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost and she attempts to recall him to himself, "have an intenseness, a severity, a bitterness, which makes the blood creep." But this is followed in private by a silence in which, "There is a touch of pathos and of tenderness," making it "one of the most masterly and most beautiful traits of character in the whole play."

Her ambition is by no means selfish; all her strength of mind and will are exerted for the advancement of her husband; there is never one thought of her self as queen, it is always Macbeth as king, and his safety and welfare that occupy her mind and attention.

Coleridge says of her: "Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony." That she should lose her mind, be haunted in her dreams is consistent with her character and the mental strain which she had undergone. She could not have been punished as was Macbeth; her intellect was too strong, it was only by the downfall of that, her predominating force, that restitution could be attained in any degree.

In short, to quote Mrs. Jameson, "Lady Macbeth's amazing power of intellect, her inexorable determination of purpose, her superhuman strength of nerve, render her as fearful in herself as her deeds are hateful; yet she is not a mere monster of depravity, with whom we have nothing in common, nor a meteor whose destroying path we watch in ignorant affright and amaze. She is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last—still linked with her sex and humanity."

2—Cleopatra. (Antony and Cleopatra.)

Cleopatra used her intellect in a manner far different from that of Lady Macbeth. She used all her powers in the subduing of all within her sphere to become her slaves in affection. Her will and power served her passionate desire for love and admiration from all the world. Brandes says: "Her charm is of the sense-intoxicating kind and she has, by study and art, developed those powers of attraction which she possessed from the outset, 'till she has become inexhaustible in inventiveness and variety." Having lived all her life as a cold-blooded coquette, when at last she does experience a most real and passionate love for Antony, her real manner is so veneered by this false capriciousness, that, in attempting to satisfy her love, she brings about the downfall of her lover and herself as well.

"The high-mindedness of the princess," some one has said, "and the fickleness of the gipsy were mysteriously combined in her nature." This is nowhere better shown than in the description given of her by Euobarbus, where both the studied effect and pomp bespeak the princess, and the gorgeous coloring, the gipsy:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did."

Such a picture of the "Rare Egyptian" makes it possible for it to be said: "Cleopatra—the name meant beauty and fascination; it meant alluring sensuality combined with finished culture; it meant ruthless squandering of human life and happiness and the noblest powers. Here, indeed, was the woman who could intoxicate and undo a man, even the greatest; then plunge him into perdition, and along with him that half of the world which was his to rule."

3—Elinor. (King John.)

Queen Elinor, mother of King John of England, is the power which pushes him on to the deeds which he performs in the hope of making more secure his somewhat questionable right to the throne. She is ambitious for her son and, "Her intemperate jealousy," says Mrs. Jameson, "converted her into a domestic firebrand."

King John is ever conscious of her will and it is this consciousness that he forges ahead in his injustice. When her death is reported to him he loses all the strength of purpose, that had characterized his deeds before, and all falls purposeless at his feet.

False and jealous in her youth, she became indeed one to be feared in her later days. "Her strong intellect," to quote again, "and love of power unbridled by conscience or principle, surviving when other passions were extinguished, and rendered more dangerous by a degree of subtlety and self-command to which her youth had been a stranger," rendered her the woman we see waged in war and sarcasm against the mother love of Constance.

4—Volumnia. (Coriolanus.)

In Volumnia again we have the mother ambitious for the worldly advancement of her son. She is a true Roman patriarch and Rome comes ever before her son in her thoughts. It is in the service of Rome that she desires his victories to be won—his wounds received in his country's service she is deeply thankful for. She is possessed of a wonderful strength that makes it possible

for her to plead with her son for Rome, when he, as an enemy, is encamped at Rome's very gates. She pleads with the eloquence which is her crowning ornament and, accomplishing her end, she returns to the city victorious, where the most powerful of the senators has failed—returned to be accounted,

“—worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full.”

Mrs. Jameson says of Volumnia: “Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence and her towering spirit are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness.”

As further examples of Shakespeare's heroines of Intellect, which were not generally favored by him, might be cited Gertrude, the mother of Hamlet; Hippolyta, the warrior queen in “A Mid-Summer Night's Dream;” Goneril and Regan, the daughters of King Lear, together with other minor characters of his plays.

(To be Continued.)

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

Aside from the religious aspect, what may we infer to be the prevailing opinions concerning this most widely celebrated of Holidays?

Broadly speaking there are three, the first and most hopeless of which is represented in the every day practical twentieth century business man, sole provider for a growing family, who sees in Christmas nothing more romantic and cheerful than rivalry, dissatisfaction, financial crisis, and threatened bankruptcy. He asks what grounds there are for setting December twenty-fifth as the date of Christ's birth, and why the necessity of taking advantage of the occasion to distribute gifts and participate in all sorts of expensive foolishness to try to outdo all one's acquaintances, and endure unspeakable internal anguish the day after the glorious feast? He sees only the fact that his yearly round of work is interrupted for a day; his pocketbook is flattened, and himself the recipient of numerous, but quite useless small articles received in exchange. He returns to his work, tired and sarcastic, his mind burdened by the remembrance of the oft-repeated but ill begotten sentiment:

“ 'Tis blessed to bestow; and yet,
Could we but give the gifts we get,
And keep the one we give away,
How happy were our Christmas Day!”

The happiest man at this season is he who reviews the benefits and pleasures of today, idealized through visions of the more romantic past. He delights to turn back, for the time being, to those periods when the end and aim of the Yule-tide festivities was merry-making; when real mirth, in cap and bells,

conducted the revelry. Perhaps it was that men's lives counted for so much less in those days, that impelled them to abandon themselves so completely to the pleasures of the moment, regardless of the worries of precarious times. At any rate they observed Christmas, in the reign of Elizabeth, with twelve days of frolic, ringing of bells, blazing of lights, peals of whole-hearted laughter; there were gay and happy forms, representing all ages; there were carols, masques, legends and games. All this permeated by the mellow odor of sack and ale, the wassail bowl, evergreens and scented wreaths, and sustained throughout by the sound of the cracking and snapping of the burning Yule-log. The family was a unit in the home; the landsman cared for his tenants; he who was rich in worldly goods gave of his abundance to his more unfortunate fellows. None counted the cost—'twas a simple custom of a hearty age, with warm-hearted hospitality as its symbol.

So this modern romanticist seeks to break the year's cold grasp, and breathe for a few short days the atmosphere of the traditional days of yore. He puts upon himself the mantle of kindness and charity and good cheer, and goes out among his kind in faithful preparation for a season of grateful rejoicing. The Christmas bells bring him hope, the music of the carol gives him peace; he feels all the wonder and delight of his child when he views the tree in its customary gaiety and trembling glitter. The custom of giving appeals to him only as a sign of the good will of his friends; he emphasizes the spirit of Christmas rather than its material manifestations. For such as he it was written—"Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

The joy of Christmas is realized best by the children. They comprehend dimly the reason and signification of the day, then they proceed to enjoy all the usual delight that it never fails to bring them. The mystical element particularly stimulates their young and active imaginations, and from the period when they begin to taste the pleasure of eager expectation, until the moment when they discover their fondest hopes gratified, all is excitement and joyful anticipation. 'Tis a pity we ever grow up! The child is so easily pleased and his enthusiasm is so much keener than ours. But having grown up, why may we not become as children during this season? Forget the stern business of living that made the Puritans abolish the observance of the holiday, because life was too serious to be lightly esteemed, even for a day. But are we not better fitted for working after a day devoted to the pursuit of pleasure? Let there be, then, but one opinion regarding Christmas—that it is a day of Thanksgiving to be universally celebrated in a gladsome fashion by all nationalities; that we are to put away dull care, and indulge in all the romance which the day formerly held for us when we were young.

The spirit of Christmas working in the world has given us one advantage over the ancient civilizations that we do not always credit to the right source. It is that we have public institutions of charity which were unknown in those times. Kindness toward the unfortunate has increased through the centuries, and there still remains need for its continuance. For this movement alone the greatest homage to Christmas is due.

It seems as though we have almost given up belief in the superstitions and legends so long ago associated with the reindeer and Santa Claus, and the Christmas tree. Of course we could not give them the same unquestioning belief that our ancestors did, so we have bid them goodbye from necessity—with reluctance. And now the approaching holiday season causes the query to be circulated among the thoughtful, as to how long we will teach our children the myth of Santa Claus and his arctic accessories? How long shall we put gifts upon the Christmas tree? How long are we destined to accept the holly as the only official decoration at Yule-tide? And must we sometime relinquish our faith concerning the significance of a conveniently placed sprig of mistletoe, and the daringly bold, but secretly delicious experiments it suggests to the susceptible mind of youth?

If these deplorable prosaics are allowed to come and chase away our faith, once so firmly established, then were the spirit of Christmas vanished forever, and the world become dull indeed.

CLARISSA E. SPENCER.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME OF OUR CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

What is Christmas? This is the question asked by every child, unless it has been told him without his asking. The questioning child is told that Christmas is Christ's birthday; that years and years ago—much longer than he can imagine—on the 25th of December, a bright star led the shepherds and wise men to an old barn in the city of David, where the Holy Child lay. He is told also, about the presents that the wise men brought, and that that is why we give presents today. This beautiful story satisfies for a number of years. Then, if he possess still the inquisitive mind, he wonders what evergreen trees, holly, mistletoe, candles, feasts and St. Nicholas, with his reindeer, have to do with the birthday of the Christ child. Should his inquisitiveness lead him so far as a study of the subject he would find many interesting facts in connection with the growth and development of the Christmas as we have it celebrated today in America.

In the early days of Christianity, when it was necessary to worship very secretly and observe all religious holidays very quietly, in the days when the pagan faith of the Romans held under its sway nearly all the civilized world; at this time the Christians observed and celebrated Christ's birthday on the fifth of January. When Constantine proclaimed the Christian religion as that of the Roman Empire, it was necessary for a great change to take place, for the pagan feasts and holidays had to be renounced for the more sober and unpretentious ones of the Christians. It is always hard, in fact it is almost impossible, to effect a radical change in the lives and customs of the people of a nation. In this instance there was much conceded on both sides, and as a result Christmas

became permeated with many of the brilliant pagan observances, in exchange for the name and the event in the honor of which it was observed. The date itself even was conceded and, in place of January the fifth, the date of the ancient Roman Saturnalia, December the twenty-fifth, was substituted. From this pagan holiday, celebrated in honor of the Roman God, Saturn, comes many of the holiday customs of today. The decoration and illumination of the temples of Saturn led to a like treatment of the Christian churches. Our "Merry Christmas" comes from the ancient Saturnalia salutation, "Bona Saturnalia." Our Christmas gifts also correspond to the gifts then exchanged among friends. During the Saturnalia, all labor ceased, schools were closed, the senate adjourned, no criminal was executed and the slaves either exchanged places, or were placed on an equal footing with their masters. How much these resemble the modern holiday spirit of equality and general spirit of merriment and freedom, is readily seen.

Then as the Christian missionaries went northward into France, Germany, England and among the Norsemen, they found still other customs and holidays to make concessions to and to make in turn conform to the Christian Christmas. The most prominent and most interesting to us, as descendants of the Norsemen, was "The Twelve Nights" or "Yule," as it was celebrated in Germany and the surrounding countries. "The Twelve Nights" were celebrated, beginning December the twenty-fifth especially, as being the turning point in the conflict of the God of Winter and the North Wind against the Spirit of Spring and the South Wind. It was at the end of this time that Thor, the God of Thunder, was supposed to have helped the Spirit of Spring to gain the mastery. During the Yuletide, they brought in the holly and mistletoe, because they believed the spirit of the growing things crept into these during the winter—as that of the sacred oak into the mistletoe. Thus they made them a part of their celebration and merriment in hoping to win back the spirit of growth and Spring to all nature. From the Druids, who regarded mistletoe sacred to the marriage ceremonies because of its pearl-like berries, comes the well known custom of today. When the Christian religion was adopted and all this feasting and merrymaking was transferred from the worship of the natural elements to the birth of the Christ child, these gods became evil spirits who were supposed to haunt the earth during Christmas time.

The ancient Germans conceived of the world as a tree whose roots were buried deep under ground and whose top flourished in "Walhalal" or Paradise. Because this belief was still prevalent when Christianity was introduced, many of its symbolisms were transferred to the Christmas tree.

St. Nicholas, whose name of "Santa Claus" came from Holland, was a prominent feature of the Yule and the early Christmas. He was a much more feared saint, than he is today. He actually appeared in those days and administered justice severely to heedless children and especially those who could not say their prayers. In some places a beautiful young girl, representing the Holy child, went from house to house accompanied by the image of Satan, carrying a bundle of switches. Both entered and the deserving child received presents

from the one, and the undeserving, a switching from the other. But "Santa Claus," the most popular, and the oldest of all Protestant Saints, as he grows older, some one has said, grows more gentle and forbearing with his youthful worshippers. Misbehaving children are told that Santa won't bring them anything, if they are not good, but on Christmas morning the mischievous one has as much in his stocking and sometimes more, than his well behaved brother.

In England in connection with the celebration of the Yule tide, are found some of the most interesting of customs. Here are found the big feast in the baron's hall, at which servant and master are seated side by side—resembling also the Saturnalia. The Yule log with its significance as well as sacredness. The boar's head, served in so much pomp and dignity. The singing of the waits and the ruling of the Lord of Misrule. The office of the Lord of Misrule was hardly one to be desired but it fell to the lot of him who cut the last sheaf of wheat during the harvest. He was then king of the Yule tide and his slightest bidding was performed, and at the end of the Yule tide he was sacrificed even as he was supposed to have sacrificed the Spirit of the Harvest. This was perhaps one of the earliest customs of the Norsemen.

Many of these old English customs have died out, but as Mr. Ward says in one of our magazines, "It is Yule not Christmas."

Yule and Christmas have blended and softened each other, the pagan customs have assumed Christian meaning and we have the beautiful Christian interpretations for the modern customs, as the evergreen, the symbol of eternal spring, has a prominent place because Christ was the "resurrection and the life." The many candles shedding their soft beautiful light are used because He is the "light of the world." And our Christmas gifts are exchanged because God gave His only Son.

Thus has our Christmas of today—with its Christmas tree from Germany, its Santa Claus from Holland, its stocking from Belgium, or France, and its numerous customs from England—become a curious medley of paganism and Christianity.

NELL BULLARD.

PRIVATE GEORGE ROSS.

As I entered the room a nurse who was watching the patient placed a finger to her lips, beckoning silence. "He is still sleeping, doctor," she whispered, "but he was delirious all afternoon and called and called for some girl named Bess. 'Forgive me, Bess,' he repeated again and again."

"He has awakened," I answered, as I approached the cot on which he lay. He looked up into my eyes, I looked down into his—the recognition was mutual. We had been roommates at the academy. He was a popular student, taking part in all the activities of the school in a social and athletic way. He was a good dancer, a graceful skater, and won for his friends all

with whom he came in contact, by a certain way he had about him. Ever good-natured, one would be compelled to like him in spite of his seeming lack of seriousness.

Clasping his hand, "George Ross," I said, and "Ben," he whispered, smiling. "I was on the main line, but I guess I'm side-tracked, ain't I Ben?" he queried.

"I think we can switch you back in time, George," I replied, "how did it happen?"

For several minutes he was silent, then turning his face to mine he said:

"Well, Ben, I guess I'll tell you the whole story, and then you'll know what a fool I've been. I'm sorry it has all happened as it has. You know when you went to Northwestern to study medicine, Bess Hawthorne and I were going together. We were engaged when the Spanish-American war broke out. Being young, full of life, and fond of excitement, I enlisted, fully expecting to return in a few months, as I did not think the war would last longer. * * Give me a drink of water, Ben. * * * * You see, one regiment was sent to Manila. For a while the life appealed to me. I met one of the Spanish girls, Ben, black-haired, dreamy-eyed—and somehow I sort of forgot Bess and the old days. She loved me in the mad sweet way her people love, and I thought I loved her. When my term of enlistment was over, I promised to get a little plantation and live there with Juanita, my sweetheart, forgetting Bess, my friends, and the United States forever. About that time I was wounded in a skirmish with the Spaniards and Harold Wayne, correspondent for the Associated Press promised to do me the favor I asked. When he sent his report back to the United States, my name was on the list of those killed. In a few weeks I was mustered out, and free to finish my plans. I was dead so far as the life I had known was concerned. I had taken to drinking over there, and would often remain drunk for days. No wonder that I had forgotten Bess and the old home!

"Juanita and I went to live on the little piece of land that I had secured with gambling money won before I quit the army, and for a time all went well. Then I tired of the Spanish maiden, and it all palled on me. The whole life became distasteful—it was so different from what I had imagined it would be. At last I could find no peace anywhere. Sleeping or waking, Bess' face was before me, and I could see home and friends beckoning me to come. Bess, as I had seen her that day at the depot when the train was taking us away, haunted me day and night. Driven to desperation I told Juanita that I had to go to Manila on business and that I would return in a week.

"Arriving there I sold my place for a few hundred dollars, and took the first steamer for New York. * * * * *

"In New York I fell in with some of the soldiers who were mustered out when I was, and I turned beast again. I woke up—Ben, old boy, I'm ashamed to tell you. Well—it was the jail, and my charge was drunkenness and disorderly conduct. My money had all disappeared; I could not pay my fine of course, so back to the dirty jail I was taken to serve out my ten days.

When I was released I pawned my watch for a few dollars, and started for my old home. I stole rides on the blind baggage, and was getting on fine, till one day I had to take a freight. It was the one that was wrecked at Ionia, Ben, and when the crash came, I was crushed under a pile of lumber in the car where I was riding. The next I knew I was on the cot here, and the nurse told me I was severely injured internally.

"And here I am, so close to the old home, and so close to death. Hush, old man—I know I'm going to die, and there's no use in trying to encourage me. There is one thing I'd like to do before the end comes, and that is to see Bess and ask her to forgive me. I could die happy then. Ben—do you think she would come if she knew I was so near death? Oh, Ben! I want to see her, just for these last few moments," he finished, and his voice was a sob.

The time since I had last seen George and the events which had taken place during that time, passed through my mind in quick succession. When the report reached us that George Ross, private was killed, we all believed it true, and mourned him as dead. After the first grief, new interests had come into Bess' life and crowded out the old interests, and the old grief. I had graduated, meanwhile, from Northwestern, and secured the position as house physician in this hospital. And Bess—Bess had been my wife for more than a year. So when George asked about Bess and then begged so hard to see her, there was a brief struggle in which my better nature won. Placing my hand on his white cheek, I realized that the end was near, and then I telephoned for Bess. I met her on the hospital steps, and briefly told her the whole story. Then I asked her to see George and act to him as she would if she were not married. It was for such a little time, and it would make him happy.

We entered the room together, and George, turning his white face to us and recognizing Bess, found peace and rest and happiness in her forgiving smile. Then she sat on his cotside, held the thin hand, and asked where he had been so long. I turned and left the two alone, pulling the door almost shut. After half an hour the call-bell rang, and I hurried to the room. In death his face had assumed a new beauty and dignity, and looking at him there I remembered him only as the dear old chum of my college days. Then my wife turned to me with tears in her eyes, and placing my arm around her we went out together.

DON CARLOS.

CHRISTMAS.

Moonlight and starlight
And shadows grown long,
Mystery, midnight,
And heavenly song.

Shepherds and wise men,
And shining afar,
Leading them onward,
The light of the star.

Bethlehem's stable,
The first Christmas morn,
Mankind rejoicing,
And Jesus is born.
—M. B., '09.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Little Tim had been listening with the greatest interest to the story that his brother had been reading and leaning back in his chair he settled his crippled legs more comfortably and heaved a sigh of perfect contentment. He possessed a very happy treasure, that of a vivid imagination, and as his mind transferred the story book characters to real life he became silent and thoughtful.

"It always turns out so awful nice," he said in a rather husky voice. "The boys that are crippled in the story book always have something nice happen to them on Christmas eve. Say, brother, don't you think something nice will happen to us this year?"

But the sixteen-year old brother laughed doubtfully. For over two years he had worked his hardest to try and earn a scanty living for his widowed mother and crippled brother, and he had found that the battle with the world was not easy and that few things happened as they did in the story book.

"No, Tim, don't put any faith in those stories, at least not yet awhile. Something may turn up. You never can tell, but don't look for it now. Your big brother never was cut out to save a lady from being killed and get a reward for life or any of that rot. Nope. When I make a fortune I'll have to do it by my self and there's no getting around it."

Little Tim's face lost its happy look. The story had been so real that he argued to himself that surely his brother had been mistaken. How little he realized that the boy in the story book must have a nice thing happen to him, or it would not be a story, only a plain truth.

"Anyway, brother, you ought to have something nice happen to you, 'cause you always are so good to me and mamma, too."

But the big brother was not anxious to go on with that part of the conversation so he changed it and soon the room rang with little Tim's merry laughter.

The next morning the big brother went to the office of Mr. James Thompson, where as office boy he earned a salary of five dollars a week. This money, coupled with that which his mother earned by plain sewing, kept the wolf from the door and a small roof over the heads of the devoted trio. As Harold Jones was putting the office into order he realized that a Christmas such as his father had provided for them was more distant than ever before and the thought of it made him sigh heavily.

"Gee, but don't I wish I had half the money that some boys spend on cigarettes and all that stuff," he thought to himself. "But I wouldn't take it even if they would give it to me," he added with a touch of pride, and he gave his duster a mighty whirl. He regretted it though, because he upset the pile of letters belonging to Mr. Thompson and had to set it right again.

"Now you know very well Harold Jones," he went on to himself, "that you don't know how well off you really are. What if your mother should see you smoking cigarettes? Well, you know she would wish you were so poor that you couldn't buy them, so there. Now here's Mr. Thompson's desk. You must do a very good job on it and maybe you'll be like the boy—now Harold get to work." He paused a moment to look at the picture of a young woman on the desk.

"She's kind of like mother," he reflected, "and I bet she's Mr. Thompson's best girl. Now, Harold, when you have a law office of your own never put the picture of your best girl on your desk for the office boy to look at." Finding two letters in small, blue envelopes he said to himself: "I've the awfulest temptation to read a real love letter, but Harold, my boy, don't you leave any love letters of yours around for the office boy to rubber at. That isn't the way to do business!"

He had just finished dusting the room when Mr. Thompson arrived at the office. "I believe he's late," reflected Harold and looked up to say his usual good morning, but lo! and behold! Mr. Thompson did not even see him. The man's face was very pale and bore a worried expression. Several times during the day he seemed to be miles away and left important business letters open on his desk. "Something's wrong with him," thought Harold, "I wonder what on earth it can be."

Four o'clock finally came and Mr. Thompson left the office, having said not more than a dozen words to Harold. While the boy was putting the office to rights that night, he noticed that the picture of the "best girl" as he had dubbed it was gone and nowhere to be found. Instantly he connected his employer's mood with the disappearance of the picture and stopped his work in surprise.

"Now what on earth do you think of that?" he exclaimed angrily. "He's

the very best man that's living, and she had no business throwing him over like that. She couldn't have any reason for it either. Wonder if he quarreled with her because she couldn't quarrel with any one." Thus he jumped from one conclusion to another trying to solve the mystery of the disappearance of the picture.

Then Harold went home and with the resolve to tell it all to Tim. After supper the tale was related and Tim was all excitement for he loved romantic things. Harold, you see, always talked it over with the little fellow, for, as he said, "It interests him and keeps him cheerful."

"It's too bad," said Tim with a sympathetic look on his face. "Maybe it isn't all their fault because they are both so nice. You know them, you see."

"Yes, but I don't know her," exclaimed Harold, thoughtfully; "anyway she's pretty and looks awful good and kind."

"What's her name, Harold?" asked Tim.

"Miss Elsie Green, and she lives at 708 ——— street. You see, Tim, I saw it on a little box in one of the desk drawers today. It's her Christmas present I think."

"Well, she won't get it," sighed Tim, "if they don't make up pretty soon. Tomorrow is Christmas eve."

Then Harold jumped nearly out of his chair.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he exclaimed excitedly. "It's the very ticket. I've a plan and I know she will get her Christmas present."

His bright plan was listened to by Tim with great eagerness and joy and he pronounced it lots better than any story he had ever read. So the next day went slowly by and Harold could hardly wait for Mr. Thompson to go home in the afternoon. When at last he was ready to go Harold wished him a "Merry Christmas," and went about his work.

"Christmas, why that is right, tomorrow is Christmas. How could I have forgotten your Christmas present, Harold?" he said, drawing out his purse and handing the boy a five dollar bill. But Harold drew back.

"I'd rather not take it," he stammered, flushing a little. "Please don't offer me the money as you can give me something that you have bought yourself, but don't give me that."

Mr. Thompson appreciated the spirit of pride which caused Harold to refuse the offered money and did not press the subject any longer. So with a cheerful nod and a smile, he left the office. Harold drew a long breath when he thought of the many things that a five dollar bill would have bought. However he had not time to waste, especially as it was growing late; so quickly taking the little sealed package from its corner in the drawer, he boarded an uptown car.

Finally he reached the house. Miss Green very carelessly took the small package from the servant when it was brought to her. But her cheeks grew rosy and her eyes bright when she saw who had penned the name. When she opened it she scarcely saw the beautiful pearl and opal pendant which lay

in the box, but her eyes fell on the card which came with it and read: "From your ever loving James."

Very simple words for anyone could have written them, but Elsie read between the lines. She saw now and understood that James would not allow their foolish little quarrel to come between them. How small and trifling it all had seemed when it had been stripped of its ornament of pride.

Then she wondered who had brought it and if the messenger would be waiting for an answer. So she hurried down to the door, but no one was in sight. A few minutes later James heard the sweetest voice in the world at the telephone saying:

"James, dear, it was the nicest way you could have taken to make up. Be sure and come up tonight, won't you?"

James was too surprised and astonished to say "yes" or "no," and what was more he did not wish or try to explain because he did not know what on earth she was talking about. It was enough to be asked to spend the evening and he lost no time for he had not seen her for two whole days. Now, really, most of their conversation has not been recorded, but suffice it to say that both of them realized and acknowledged that some angel in disguise had brought them together again. So James, being a lawyer, did not take long to get to the bottom of the whole affair.

"That little rascal, Harold, did it. He's the office boy," he said, "and Elsie, we must do something to show how much we appreciate his true interest in us."

The next morning was Christmas morning, and as they say in story books, it dawned bright and clear. Tim and Harold had forgotten all about their hopes for a Christmas eve adventure in their excited speculation as to how Harold's plan had succeeded. Just as Harold was relating the story for about the fifth time, there came a knock at the door. The boys' mother opened it and who should enter but Mr. Thompson and Miss Green. Harold turned pale and did not know what to do, then flushed red and seated himself again.

"Don't look so frightened, Harold, there's nothing to be frightened for," said the lawyer, as he took the hand of Harold into his hearty handclasp. "You don't seem to realize what a mighty good turn you have done me. If you did you wouldn't hide away in that fashion. Elsie," he said, turning to the pretty girl beside him, "this is Harold, and, my boy, this is Miss Green, who is going to be my wife some day. Now, introduce us to your mother and brother, won't you?"

It did not take Harold long to do his bidding and to also listen to the plan of Mr. Thompson. There never was a happier family than the Jones trio that Christmas day. The plan of Mr. Thompson was the Christmas present that brought medical aid to Tim and instruction in law and continued pay to Harold.

After it was all over Tim said in a happy voice, "You see, brother, all Christmas eve adventures don't have to come true till Christmas morning, and yours is nicer and better than a story because it is a really, truly one."

THE KAIMIN

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Editorials

Good University songs, sung together by students, do more to create a spirit of loyalty than any number of speeches on the subject. This University in the past has been proud of her college yells and songs and justly so. But as the University grows older and larger more of these are needed. It needs many more good, rousing words, set to good, rousing music—something that will live as long as the University lives—that will add pleasure, and instill into the hearts of those attending here, enthusiasm and loyalty for their Alma Mater. Feeling the lack of this in our own University, and the need of it, The Kaimin offers a prize of \$25.00 to be given to the author of the best U. of M. song presented to the editor before February 1, 1908. The words may be presented with or without the music. This offer is open to all and each one should try his very best for, whether he secure the prize or not, he will be doing a service to his fellow students and to the University.

**NEW MONTANA
SONGS.
A PRIZE OFFER.**

A football, a basketball, a base ball team, members in a debating or oratorical contest, represent their University on special occasions. By means of these athletic, debating and oratorical contests universities come in touch with each other. But there is always one representative factor of a school or university which serves not only for special occasions, but all the time. This is the college or school paper. Justly or not, a school is judged partly by the paper which it publishes. If the paper has very little in it, we usually conclude—and justly we think—that there is very little material for literary work in the school. If a paper is full of personal items and slams, we must conclude that there are some contributors at least that are small and knockers. If a university paper is like a high school paper, then we may justly conclude that the student in the university is not much more matured than his high school friend—that he is not much more of a student, and that the grade of work done in the university is not much above the high school. The paper is a representative. Let it be a good and a true one. The Kaimin has a large exchange list, receiving papers from many of the high schools of the state as well as from all the state institutions. It has among the many, papers from the far east as Brown University, from the west as Washington State College; from the state universities such as the University of Michigan, Nebraska, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, Texas and others from denominational schools as the Northwestern, and several Catholic institutions, and many more. These exchanges may be found in the library among the new magazines. If one would read them, he could keep in touch with other universities than his own and find much pleasure therein.

Athletics

With the close of the 1907 football season, there ends a season which, taking all its various phases into consideration, may be said to be one of the most remarkable in the history of the Varsity. At first this statement appears a trifle strong, all that is necessary to convince one of its truth is a proper statement of facts. Let us review, briefly, the football history of 1907.

At the opening of school the middle of last September, the coach, captain, manager and four players composed the squad, out of which were to be chosen the eleven men to defend the honor of Montana's name on the gridiron. To say that the outlook was blue would be the mildest way of expressing the situation. But when hard work was most necessary, everyone worked hardest, and each day when the "squad" warmed up on the field, the only sentiment expressed was that "tomorrow it will be better." And this optimism was not unrewarded, for with the second week of school came more football material, and several of the old "war-horses" made their appearance. Most of the men, however, were green, some of them never having seen a football before, and prospects looked rather dark. To make a presentable football team out of the material then at hand was the hard proposition which confronted Coach Findlay.

Up to the time of the first game, with Montana Wesleyan University, on September 28, scarcely more than one team had applied for suits and appeared on the field for practice. But by means of strenuous coaching, enough signals were drilled into the eleven's heads to enable them to defeat their opponents by a score of 62 to 0.

The next week, stimulated probably by the first success, thirty men were out for practice regularly and things began to take on a brighter appearance. On the next Friday, Oct. 11, two weeks after the Wesleyan game, Fort Shaw was defeated 28 to 0.

On October 18 we were up against a hard proposition, and experienced our first and as it proved, our only defeat, at the hands of Washington State College. We had not expected to win against Pullman; the most our three-weeks-old team could hope for was to hold the W. S. C. huskies down to a small score. But we didn't even do that, although our men put up a desperate fight, and instead of giving up when they saw the odds were against them, came back harder than ever. But the Pullman defeat did one invaluable thing for us, it instilled in the men that bulldog, never-say-die spirit, which is such an important element of success.

The next game showed that we profited by the lesson, when, for the first time in the history of the University, we defeated our old rivals, the Miners, the final score being 12 to 0. The latter averaged more in weight than we did, but our speed, superior coaching, and all-round better football knowledge, gave us the well-deserved victory.

The game of Nov. 2 with the Spokane Athletic club was a miserable

excuse for a game, and although it resulted in a victory for Montana, yet there was very little interest taken in the contest, owing to its extreme raggedness.

On November 8 we clinched for ourselves the title of State Champions by holding the Miners down to a score of 0 to 0 in Butte. It has long been the belief—and we must admit that the belief is well founded—that a fair, clean, athletic contest in Butte was an impossibility. The game of November 8, however, radically changed this idea, for the contest was featured by faultless and unbiased decisions and clean playing.

With this game, Montana's season in football closed. Two more games had been arranged, one on Thanksgiving Day with Willamette University at Salem, Oregon; the other on Nov. 30 with Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon. At the last minute, however, these games were for some unexplained reason called off, leaving us at the end of the season with no time in which to make other arrangements. So our 1907 record shows the following:

Sept. 28—U. of M., 62; Mont. Wesleyan, 0.

Oct. 11—U. of M., 28; Fort Shaw, 0.

Oct. 18—U. of M., 0; Washington State College, 38.

Oct. 25—U. of M., 12; School of Mines, 0.

Nov. 2—U. of M., 12; S. A. A. C., 0.

Nov. 8—U. of M., 0; School of Mines, 0.

Total scores—U. of M., 114; Opponents, 38.

The team, individually and collectively, cannot receive praise enough. Every man was a star in the position which he filled, and one deserves as much credit as another for the success of the team.

And with all the rest, we must not forget the second team man, who by his loyal work, helped to make the State Championship possible. There is no glory for the second team man, though he will always find a place in the hearts of every loyal Montana football enthusiast.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball work is on in full swing now, and things are looking bright for a most successful season. A squad of about 20 men is working regularly, and the team promises to be the speediest aggregation in the history of the University. Manager Wenger is arranging an extensive schedule, including games with M. A. C., the School of Mines, W. S. C., etc. At an election held this fall, Montgomery was chosen captain for the season 1907-08.

The squad includes: Forbis, H. McLay, Little, Montgomery, Wenger, Ryan, Hamilton, Johnson, Bishop, McPhail, L. McLay, Connor, Leech, Thieme, Cronberg, Thompson and Hoepfner.

Preliminary games between the classes are being held to decide the championship of the Varsity, the Sophomores now holding the honor by virtue

of their defeat of the Freshmen, 22 to 11. The latter defeated the Preparatory team 14 to 10. The Sophomores defeated the Juniors 30 to 8, and the Seniors 42 to 2.

GIFT OF THE BUSINESS MEN.

The football team of the University has won a clear and undisputed title to the state championship and some of the Missoula business men are now showing their appreciation of the spirit and energy displayed by the team during the season, by presenting each member of the team with a regulation emblem sweater. The following firms are making the gift: Missoula Mercantile Company, Berthon & Armstrong, Golden Rule Store, The Martin Company, F. C. Stoddard Insurance Company, Gannon & McLeod, D. J. Donohue Company, C. H. Marsh and Howard Spa.

Appreciation of this kindness goes out from every member of the University and it is a kindness that will be remembered. Football at the U is being placed on a new footing, upon a higher plane, and this move by our supporters is one of the greatest incentives for the uplift. If the town is with us in spirit we can win the laurels, and by this act of appreciation we feel that we have the support and that it is genuine.

Organizations

THE CLARKIA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Clarkia has had two very interesting meetings this month, with a large attendance at both. The first meeting was held on Nov. 4. The following is the program:

Piano Solo—Helen Goddard.

Recitation—Ethel Hughes.

Impromptu Debate—Resolved, That Father Vaughn's Conception of Shakespeare is the Correct Conception.

Affirmative—Bess Bradford, Willie Clanton.

Negative—Edna Rosine, Phoebe Finley.

Piano Solo—Edna Fox.

Critic's Report.

The meeting on Nov. 18, was very good, the girls doing exceedingly well in the debate. Program:

Piano Solo—Roberta Satterthwaite.

Debate—Resolved, That the Negro Race is Detrimental to our Mutual Welfare in the United States.

Affirmative—Cecil Dwyer, Ethel Evans.

Negative—Fan Hatheway, Alice Wright.

Current Events—Florence Catlin.

Piano Solo—Clarissa Spencer.

HAWTHORNE LITERARY SOCIETY.

During the past month the Hawthorne Literary society has held two regular meetings, both being marked by good programs and many new members.

The first meeting was held on Nov. 16, with the following program:

Debate—Resolved, That the history of Mormonism in the United States in the past twenty years has proved detrimental to the best interests of the country.

Affirmative—O. J. Berry, Gil McLaren.

Negative—R. C. Line, Fred Greenwood.

Current Events—Fred Thieme.

Reading—W. Winninghoff.

Oration—Ray Dinsmore.

Critic's Report—J. B. Speer.

On the evening of Nov. 26, about twenty young men assembled in Evan's Hall to welcome the new members into the organization. After the program had been rendered the initiates were led one by one into the room where the

initiation line was waiting. All the initiates fortunately withstood the ordeals through which they were forced to go and were admitted into fellowship in the society.

The program was as follows:

Debate—Resolved, That the placing of timber lands in forest reserves is detrimental to the best interests of the state.

Affirmative—E. A. Brown, A. E. Leech.

Negative—Wm. Davis, Roy Whitesitt.

Essay—E. E. Rolfe.

Current Events—A. I. Morgan.

Critic's Report—A. I. Morgan.

ASSOCIATED ENGINEERS.

During the past month the Associated Engineers have been busier than any month previous, owing to the approach of the end of the semester.

The Seniors may be seen at any hour of the day off in a corner plugging on "Old Dog," while the Juniors keep them company, humped over a Graphic Statics board.

During the past week the Sophomore surveying class took a day off and made a trip to Bonner along the road-bed of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. The trip gave the class an excellent opportunity to combine the practical with the theoretical, as a careful study was made of the grades, curves, cuts, fills and all of the various other features connected with railroad work. This particular piece of road-bed is almost ideal for the student to study, as in this short stretch of six miles is represented almost every difficulty to be met with in modern railway engineering. At Camp No. 2 the entire party were hospitably entertained to a genuine camp dinner by Engineer Douche. After dinner they proceeded to the massive 5000 horse power dam and power house now in the process of construction at the junction of the Blackfoot and Missoula rivers.

One of the most noticeable features of the trip was the courtesy and attention that was shown to the class by the employees of the railroad and also those of the dam and power house. Each employee took particular pains to explain that part of the work that he was interested in.

The class owe their thanks particularly to Engineer Slack of the dam, and Engineer Douche of the railroad company.

The Bulletin issued by Professor Craighill a little over a month ago, announcing the Post Graduate courses in the Engineering department leading to the degrees of C. E. and E. E., is creating a great deal of favorable comment throughout the state. A large number of letters have been received ask-

ing for more information concerning the course and several have already intimated that they will enter upon it next year.

There are now over eighty students registered in the Engineering department, the largest number in its history.

And it came to pass that a Silent Messenger from the Great Unknown World came forth and stopping for a rest at the home of Uriel Murphy, reached out and caught his unresisting hand in its grasp and led him into the land of everlasting peace and rest.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst a beloved classmate and fellow-student, while we, in our earthly selfishness deplore our loss, we most humbly bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Therefore, Be It Resolved, That we, the Associated Engineers of the University of Montana, have suffered the loss of an esteemed member, a classmate with a generous, helping hand, who always had the best interests of the Association and University of Montana at heart.

Resolved, That to the mother, father and sister, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of a beloved son and brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the records of the Associated Engineers, a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased; also a copy be published in The Kaimin.

EDWARD WENGER, President.

THAYER STODDARD, Secretary.

JAMES H. BONNER,
H. C. MCGREGOR,
VINCENT CRAIG,
CHARLES FARMER,
BERNEY KITT,

Committee.

Y. W. C. A.

The Holiday Baazar held by the Y. W. C. A. Nov. 15th and 16th, in the basement of the Golden Rule Store, was a great success.

The Baazar consisted of seven booths, appropriately decorated and presided over by members of the cabinet.

Fourth of July, Christmas, April Fool, Thanksgiving, St. Patrick's Day, Charter Day and St. Valentine's Day were represented.

The enthusiasm of the girls rivaled that of a football rally when the result of the sales were counted and it was found that one hundred and fifty dollars had been taken in.

The greatest event in the Association this year was the departure of nine

delegates to the Fourth Annual Convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations at Bozeman.

The delegates were Bess Bradford, Ruth L. Smith, Florence Thieme, Helen Smead, Marie Freezer, Beulah Van Engelen, Willie Clanton and Mary Henderson.

The delegates returned highly pleased with Bozeman's hospitality and with new inspiration for the Association.

Miss Willie Clanton gave a very good talk on Wednesday Nov. 13.

Miss Stuart led a very interesting meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 20, her subject being, "The Standards of Y. W. C. A."

The Association is planning a series of candy sales to be held in the near future.

The Alumni

Daisy Kellogg, '07, spent Thanksgiving at her home in Missoula.

Ralph Gilham, '07, visited friends in Missoula Thanksgiving week.

Joe Buckhouse, '06, spent several days in Missoula during Thanksgiving week.

Cora Averill, '07, spent her Thanksgiving vacation visiting friends in Missoula.

Susie Garlington, '07, came down from Stevensville to spend Thanksgiving with her parents.

A special meeting of the Alumni Association was held Nov. 21, at the home of Miss Buckhouse.

Mary Fergus, '07, has gone to Blaine, Wash., to take charge of the eighth grade work in the public schools.

Exchanges

Athletics at Michigan are now under the control of the students.

Michigan State Agricultural College has a new engineering laboratory.

The Minnesota team practiced at night as the field was lighted by electricity.

Harvard has begun her rowing practice already with all of last year's team back.

The Monthly from the University of Arizona is a creditable paper. We are glad to get it.

There is a new literary society at the University of South Dakota for the girls, called The Alithian.

President Tucker of Dartmouth College has issued a manifesto against base ball on account of the commercial element in it.

The Washington State University will have three new buildings by January, 1909—auditorium, chemistry, and engineering buildings.

New Mexico Agricultural College has turned its library over to the young men who keep it open on Sundays for the benefit of young men.

It has been rumored that the fraternities at Wisconsin will be abolished by a law of the State Legislature at its next session. Only those of honorary character will be recognized.

Syracuse University has let a contract for what is said to be the largest gymnasium in the world. This gives Syracuse the finest athletic advantages in the world.

A wealthy unmarried woman has willed Swarthmore College, in Pennsylvania, \$3,000,000 upon the condition that it will withdraw from inter-collegiate athletics forever. This seems like selling the college spirit, and is it worth while?

Master: "I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long."

Pupil (sotto voce): "Yield not to temptation."

"There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people."

"Great labor agitator?"

"No; a manufacturer of alarm clocks."

He failed in German, flunked in chem.

They heard him softly hiss,

"I'd like to find the man who said:

'That ignorance is bliss.' "

The Universities of Washington, Idaho and Oregon are trying to form an athletic conference which will arrange all the football, track and debate events of the year and debar all Freshmen from athletics.

Though Moses was no college man,

And never played football,

Yet in the rushes of the Nile,

He was the first of all.

In The Collegian, the St. Vincent College Student and the Holy Cross Purple is found an element in school papers which is not to be seen elsewhere. These are papers from large Catholic institutions. The Niagara Index numbers in this list also, each one of which is worthy of careful consideration.

Are you worsted in a fight?

Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—

Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after,

There's no recipe like laughter—

Laugh it off.

HOW TO WIN SUCCESS.

"How shall I win success in life?" the young man asked; whereat
 "Have push," replied the button, "and purr-puss," said the cat.
 "Find out the work you're sooted for," the chimney sweeper said,
 Just as the Match and Pin remarked, "And never lose your head."

"Aspire to greater, finer things," the Nutmeg cried; the Hoe
 Said, "Don't fly off the handle;" and the Snail remarked, "Go Slow."
 "Be deaf to all that's told you," said the Adder. "'Mid the strife,
 I've found it best," remarked the Heart, "to beat my way through life."

"Select some proper task and then stick to it," said the Glue;
 "Look pleasant," said the Camera. "And tied-y," said the Shoe.
 "Have nerve," exclaimed the Tooth; the Hill remarked, "Put up a bluff."
 "And keep cool," said the Ice; whereat the young man cried, "Enough."

—NIXON WATERMAN, The Christian Evangelist.

When you call a girl a kitten,
 You are sure to get a pat;
 So why should you get the mitten
 When you say she is a cat?
 But you do.

If you say a girl's a vision,
 It will fill her with delight;
 So there should be no collision
 When you say she is a sight.
 But there is.

When you call a man a sly old dog,
 He asks you in to sup;
 Why should it set his wrath agog
 When you say he is a pup?
 But it does.

On the Campus

Dr. Book—"When in doubt, consult Mr. Berry."

* * *

Who said: "'Spud' has not a dime nor a Nichol?"

* * *

Ivan Leininger has resumed his studies at the University.

* * *

F. N.—"I can't get no beau—but I can get a hobo."

* * *

"Love makes time pass—time makes love pass."—Frances Jones.

* * *

"Here's to the Have-beens, the Are-nows and the May-bes."—Edna Fox.

* * *

Football Man (after a certain dance)—"Her team work is bum, but her interference is good."

* * *

"The Kaimin" extends its best wishes for the future happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Harnois.

* * *

Dec. 4—Dr. Underwood causes a sensation in Convocation by announcing that, "She will be here in January."

* * *

Theta Phi gave a series of entertainments at Thanksgiving time, for Miss MacFarland, their guest from Los Angeles.

* * *

Morgan, who is now known as Captain, "Our Football Hero" and Professor, is filling all three positions with great credit.

* * *

The Dorm girls who remained here for Thanksgiving holidays, gave a most delightful party Friday evening, November 29th.

* * *

The second A. S. U. M. dance took place in the Gymnasium, November fifteenth, and, as usual, was a most enjoyable affair.

* * *

Silloway (to Bonner who is adjusting a transit)—Say Jim, who is that old man with Berry? Is that his father?

Bonner—Yes; that is the Elder-Berry.

* * *

Simons—Wall Paper, Paints, Paperhangers, Painters—that's all.

A SYNCOPATION.

A girl who has powers—"Ted."
Take away T and it leaves a—co-ed.

* * *

The second annual ball of Sigma Chi took place in Elk's Hall on the evening of December sixth. They are delightful hosts, and in their usual charming manner, made the ball just such a happy occasion as only they know how to do.

* * *

A Soph stood on the burning deck,
But as far as he could learn,
He stood in perfect safety,
For he was too green to burn.

* * *

The fourth number of the University Lecture Course, The Cincinnati Orchestra Co., took place November twenty-eighth. It was most enjoyable and entertaining, and its nature alone, with the fact of the large attendance, goes one step further in proving that the whole course will be an undoubted success.

* * *

The Sophs saw something green, 'tis true,
They thought it was the Freshman class.
But when they closer to it drew,
They found it was a looking glass.—Ex|

* * *

Edna—Did you hear that I fell down a well?
Frances—Well! Well! Well!
Edna—But I didn't kick the bucket that time.
Frances—No; but I'll bet you felt a little pail (?) coming up.

* * *

Edward Baxter Perry gave a recital here Wednesday evening, November twenty-seventh. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the many music lovers who went to hear him. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Whitaker for bringing before us such a genius, for his work was a charming revelation, and a musical education in itself. We hope for more like him in the near future.

* * *

If Christmas only means for us,
What we get from off the tree,
'Twere well to spell it with an "X"
For X means "unknown quantity."

* * *

On the evening of November nineteenth, Professor Snoddy entertained in honor of the Sigma Nu Fraternity, with a smoker. His apartments on South Third street were beautifully decorated with college pennants and pillows for the occasion. It was a late hour when the merry gathering broke up, each Sig declaring the professor to be a prince of "Greek" entertainers and complementing him on his excellent taste in "Havanas."

* * *

"Whose mighty sense flows in fit words of heavenly eloquence?"—Davis.

"Beauty is its own excuse for being."—Florence Thieme.

"Prexy made him what he is, therefore let him be called a student."—Young.

"And now this man has become a god."—Brown.

"He knows no evil."—McCullough.

"The world is at my feet."—Greenwood.

"Life is real, life is earnest."—Helen Smead.

"To be or not to be."—Chas. Farmer.

* * *

COMING EVENTS.

Christmas and New Years.

A raise in the salaries of the Faculty members.

Three new tables for the library.

Three more events in the Lecture Course.

Some seats on the Campus.

A new building.

More room for everybody.

* * *

A Campus, a stroll and a seat of rock,

A man and a maid and a moon;

Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real

Psychological moment a spoon.

A whisper, a promise, and a vacation comes,

And they part in hysteric despair.

But when they return the following autumn,

They see it has been but hot air.

* * *

Edna's favorite book—"St. Elmo," bound in Brown.

Cullom's favorite author—McLane.

Walter's favorite color—Green.

Morgan's favorite references for debate—Burke's "Speeches."

Laura's favorite air castle—Ryan, Heir to a Million.

Margaret's favorite book—"In the Bishop's Carriage."

Dan's favorite—"Any old girl at all."

MA\$\$EY'S \$PONTANEOUS \$ONG.

How dear to my heart
 I\$ the ca\$h \$ub\$cription,
 When the generou\$ \$ub\$criber
 Pre\$ent\$ it to view.
 But the one who won't pay,
 I refrain from de\$cription,
 For perhap\$ gentle reader,
 That one may be you. ???????????

* * *

There is a little lad,
 Who is really not so bad,
 For he has set up a fad,
 Which makes each girl's heart glad.

Now this is Dan, you know,
 Who takes one girl to a show,
 Then with another he will go
 To trip the light fantastic toe.

There is Mildred, and there's Jess,
 And the next one will be Bess.
 Once 'twas Nell, and Win, I guess,
 Also Beulah—and the rest ! ? ! ? ! ? ! ?

It is never a surprise,
 To see him a-making eyes.
 Boys, do take a rise!
 As Dan does, do ye likewise.

* * *

THE FABLE OF THE FAKE.

Once there was a Society Fiend, who believed in keeping in with the common Herd. It really was a good plan, besides she felt sorry for them. Sometimes she gave Parties and left them out because she felt that they had strength of Character enough to live it Down, and that it would do them good to get hard knocks. Her feeling for them was Great. Of course she considered that she was above the ordinary Butterflies who cared only for Frivolity. At heart she despised them—in fact, she despised them so much that she almost refused to Mingle with them, but not Quite.

After she had climbed the ladder, she sat on the top rung and called

down to the common Herd that it was a rotten View and Please don't crowd up so! She didn't want to fall off. This Girl had Dreams of another kind of a Ladder, much loftier than the one she had climbed—one that reached into the realms of ART. She had a Soul. But after all she must first let go her Death-grip on the first ladder and the Struggle with the common Herd, before she could ever Hope to touch the bottom round of the other. And this she could not Bear to do. So she stayed there and after a time her Bitterness wore off, and she became the inevitable Hen.

MORAL—If you are cast in a light Part, play it and don't imagine you would do better in something Heavier.

—H. R., 1910.

* * *

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'Tis the time of all the year,
When the coal is held most dear,
And the chilling blast's most here.
 'Tis Christmas.

When your relatives all come,
And the water pipes go bum,
And the lumberjacks drink rum;
 'Tis Christmas.

Oh, ye holy feasts of old,
Celebrated in the cold,
On our hearts ye have a hold;
 Merry Christmas.

But our money goes kerplunk,
'Tis the time of year we flunk,
And we get such awful junk!
 Oh, Christmas!

* * *

A LETTER FROM DINKELSPIEL TO HIS SON AT THE U.

(Apologies to Geo. V. Hobart.)

Home—Dis Week.

MEIN LIEBER LOOEY:—

Ve haf receptioned your letter from Missoula and vas glad to hear dot your healt vas treating you mit pleasure and enchoyment. Dare has pen no oxcitement on der farm yet since you haf went, wid der exceptionation dot der

vegetable seed which you plantationed before you to Missoula went, changed its mind und blossomed fort as Scotch tistles; dis vas all vich ve haf harvested on der lot eggscept a litter of kittens vich a neighbor's cat staked us to.

Now Looey, von vord I would like to spoke to you before ve go hitherward, der wort runs as follows—DON'T GET A CASE—for all der vimmens iss a delusion und a snare. Looey, ven you first arrife at der Univer-sitate, von of der snares, vich means a case in der bud, vill meet you at der front gate und mit tears in her voice und a catch in her eye, vill carelessly remark, "Och, Looey, vill you pe mine?" Den Looey must you set down your feet und roughly push der outstretched dimple mit der absent minded complexion aside und say, "Ich wurde nicht ein case habe."

A case, Looey, ven it is first seen, consists of a open faced smile above vich flows a Niagara Falls pompadour und under vich iss seen to appear a pair of complexionized shoulders cofered py a peek-a-boo vaist in der day time, und nothin if surprised at der Club Dance. A case lifs at der Dorm ven it iss asleep, aber in der day time it is catched up der canyon holding hands mit der scenery, vile at night it makes a date at der first stile mit you und a hack und der efening at der teatre, vasting your time ven you should be doing pinockle or practicing pilliards after der show; it makes a \$2.00 date at der coffee house vich should be pleasantly spent in front of Howard's vatching der chorus girls go py ven der grease paint iss off der faces und der old age iss on.

Your duties in der case, Looey, vould consist of a check-book und a bleasant smile; der check-book's duties vould be as follows—a pleasant acquaintance mit der lifery man; 1 and 2 right A for all der Um Ta Ta shows und a complete knowledge of Howard Spa, it must also haf a speaking acquaintance mit der man who makes der flowers, vich is spelt out in United States in der letters to fadder as "Der Greek Book Expense."

So Looey, you see dot dere is but one ting vich ve should all give a case und it should be mentioned in von sour vord—Lemons. So venefer you feel der symptoms of a case coming down der street, turn down der next alley und mit meiner freunds H——— and K——— in your mind as a horrible example, repeat ofer und ofer der vords, "Nefer a case mit Looey."

Mit luff,

DINKELSPIEL, (per J. H. B.)

* * *

Walk on "White Ribbons" girls. There is some class to "White Ribbon" Shoes. Beeson wants to show them to you. See him at the "Walk-Over" store at 125 Higgins Ave. P. S.—Ask the boys.

MINUTES OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF A. S. U. M.

Missoula, Montana, Oct. 28, 1907.

The meeting was called to order by Vice President Miss McCall, in the Faculty room. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

It was moved and carried that Manager Rowe's financial report on the Fort Shaw football game on Oct. 11, be approved.

It was moved and carried that Manager Rowe's financial report on the Montana School of Mines football game on Oct. 25, be approved.

Dr. Rowe, chairman of the Committee on Season Tickets, reported that 60 season tickets had been sold.

It was moved by Elrod, that the Manager be authorized to pay the doctor bills of Mr. Bullerdick, relative to Mr. Bullerdick's accident on the football field. It was carried.

It was moved and carried that we set the date of the second of the series of A. S. U. M. dances as Friday, Nov. 15.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

E. A. WENGER, Secy.

Financial report of the Manager of the A. S. U. M., Dec. 4, 1907:

RESOURCES

To Wesleyan football game	\$ 91.95
To Fort Shaw football game	91.25
To First A. S. U. M. dance	27.00
To Pullman football game	263.45
To First School of Mines football game	173.40
To Spokane A. A. C. football game	68.50
To Second School of Mines football game	150.00
To Second A. S. U. M. dance	52.00
To Honor Tickets and A. S. U. M. dues	147.50
To Athletic Fee Fund	240.00
Total	\$1,305.05
To Honor Tickets (due Jan. 1, '08)	177.50
Grand Total	\$1,482.55
Deficit to Balance	192.35
	\$1,674.90

Total Deficit not counting amount due on Honor Tickets (including note of \$423.45), \$793.30.

LIABILITIES

To Wesleyan guarantee (football game)	\$ 115.00
To Mrs. Cronberg, refreshments for reception	12.20
To Fort Shaw guarantee (football game)	200.00
To Fred Greenwood, telegrams	6.60
To Music First A. S. U. M. dance	16.00
To Pullman trip	250.00
To Coach Findlay, expenses to Spokane	15.00
To Floyd Hardenburgh, sign	4.00
To School of Mines guarantee	150.00
To Entertaining School of Mines	16.00
To Ed Wenger, part expense A. S. U. M. D.	6.95
To Fred Greenwood, telegrams	8.05

To Part Expense Spokane A. A. C. football game by R. R. T., meals on D., Pullman	294.55
To L. D. Howard, punch for reception	5.00
To Hassler Bros., printing	15.50
To Missoula Pub. Co., printing	9.00
To Second School of Mines football game	248.55
To M. M. Company	186.25
To Hassler Bros., printing	13.00
To Missoulian Pub. Co., printing	6.00
To Florence Hotel, part expense Spokane A. A. C.	22.50
To Gannon & McLeod, livery	14.50
To Boyd Bros., livery	10.00
To Wenger \$6.00, Greenwood \$3.00, Rowe \$5.05, Marsh \$1.60.....	15.65
To Wenger, expense Second A. S. U. M. dance	27.00
To Coach Findlay, telegrams	7.60
Total	<u>\$1,674.90</u>